

[Verse 1]

Paris is my name, I flows with ease
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's
Who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement
Intense is a serious answer
The mic goes into labor you freeze up
Enveloped by the style that sounds so ROUGH
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide
A million and a half shot keepin you high
But I don't sell cause what you're sellin is never sold
Or dealed by the REAL mack brothers of old
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula
To keep you in tune without sellin my soul
In 1930, it all began
With a movement comprised of intelligent black men
Led by Allah in the form of Farad
But later by the last true prophet of God
Elijah, Muhammad, a dominant black leader
Of The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight
Stressing a black nationalistic state
Of self-sufficiency on a mission he
Stressed thrift and pride and good sense
Killed in cold blood but the sh*t ain't done with
Switch to Oaktown, '66
See Huey Newton, and Cleveland Seale
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill
And end the brutality inflicted on us by cops
Best believe I won't stop
Teachin science in step with Farrakhan
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam
Keeps my brothers up on it cause I'm black
And now you know, I'm BRUTAL
(explosion)

[Verse 2]

Callin' all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter
Stomp rip and choke those who thought a
Young black man wasn't capable of the intellect
Of gainin' respect, without sellin', so check

I'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice
But twice as nice with, the power to fight boy
So listen I'm tellin' y'all, the warnin', the Final Call
We're headin', for Armageddon, it's like that
The government's policy see, is tactical genocide
How many must die chasin a chemical high?
How much killin and murderin mayhem more can we stand
Before we fold, black man, so take a stand
Listen up drug dealer, wha**up with that?
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your MOTHERF**KIN a**
For pushin' poison to youth, I'm through with talkin' I'm steppin' up
With gat point blank at your motherf**kin' mug
I'm P-R-O, B-L-A-C-K
Stompin' and crushin' to mush, any lush, in my way
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong
With many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on along
It's like that y'all, and I won't QUIT
Keepin' y'all fresh on the movement tip
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin' or nap
We always come sick with it, bustin' serious caps
There's no, bullsh*t, and yo look, this is the danger zone
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop
I'm BRUTAL!